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# *The Late Mr. Kidd*

*W. B. Leach, Jr.*



THE PI ETA SOCIETY

OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Presents

THE LATE MR. KIDD

*A Musical Play in Three Acts*

By  
W. B. LEACH, JR., '21

FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE  
AT THE PI ETA THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE  
MARCH 15, 1921

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## THE BASIS OF THE PLAY

From: W. I. Drinkwater, "Ethnologic Phenomena," page 53, The Macmillan Co.

"Isolated foreign ethnic groups, apparent exceptions to the rule of race homogeneity within geographic divisions, are never of strict natural origin. Tambelo (or Tambelan) Island of the Malay Archipelago affords a striking instance of such artificial extraction. In this island principality a distinct strain of Caucasian blood was discovered in the "natives," some of whom were nearly pure white. Recent discoveries show this anomaly to be explained by the early establishment here of a pirate colony preying on the commerce of the British and Dutch East India Companies before effective protection could be afforded these projects by the home governments. The peculiar position of Tambelo Island in the China Sea, at once isolated and hazardous of approach by virtue of encircling coral reefs, yet within striking distance of French Indo-China, British India, and the Straits Settlements and accessible to the mariner versed in its secret channels, readily corroborates this hypothesis."

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

IN ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

THEOBALD DUNLAP, of Theobald and Dunlap, Inc.

HILDA — "she loved him so!"

MARK ANTONY, all-round guy of the Dubb household.

RUFUS DUBB, known as "Rufe," assistant to his father.

ARTHUR DUBB, Professor of Ethnology, University of Georgia.

BARBARA, ward of Professor Dubb.

MRS. GWENDOLYN DUBB, Blue Law advocate and first member of the  
Dubb household.

TAI LO, a descendant of Captain Kidd.

BOOZER BILL BUXTON }  
STEVE, THE STICKER } A.B. (Yale '17); A. W. O. L. (Atlanta '20).

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

THE SOOTHSAYER.

THE RAJAH, chief of the bandit rulers of Tambelo.

SADIE of Woolworth's.

COLLEGE GIRLS, pajama girls, natives, and bandits.

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## SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The home of Professor Dubb near Atlanta, Georgia. A late  
afternoon in May, 1920.

ACT II. The same.

Scene I. 11 P. M.

Scene II. Midnight.

ACT. III. The meeting place of the natives, Tambelo. Two weeks later.

Scene I. Afternoon.

Scene II. Early evening.

Scene III. Thirty minutes later.

House lights will not be used between Scenes I and II of Act II, nor  
between Scenes II and III of Act III.

## ACT I

[*The curtain rises on a well appointed drawing room. Two French windows divide the rear wall in three nearly equal parts. Between them an old oriental sea chest of large dimensions. Double doors with portières right and left. Through doors right a stairway is seen. Door left leads to the dining-room. A davenport down stage left. Chairs.*]

SONG: Opening Chorus: "The Modern College Girl."

[*Enter THEO, a dapper, smart, self-assured type of about twenty-five*

SONG: *years.*] Song: "The Hero" [*first verse*].

[*Enter HILDA and a chorus girl. HILDA is a nice, drab débutante with a sentimental tinge.*]

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL CHORUS GIRLS: Theo, I'd like you to meet Mildred.  
I guess you and Hilda know each other.

HILDA: [*warmly*] I should say we do!

THEO: [*coolly*] Yes, we've met.

MILDRED: I'm afraid I didn't get your name.

THEO: Dunlap, Théobald Dunlap, president and sales manager of the firm of Theobald and Dunlap, incorporated, manufacturers of the world's only intoxicating cigarette. Known to m' friends as Baldy, and to every *jolie jeune fille* from Portland, Maine to Seattle, Washington as Theo. My card, madame; may I sell you a package?

MILDRED: I haven't any money with me right now.

THEO: All right. Perfectly all right. [*Gives her a package*] Any time.

[*Verse 2, and chorus 2 of "The Hero."*

*Enter Mark, a burly coon.*

*Verse 3, and chorus 3, of "The Hero," during which Mark denies that THEO is the Hero.]*

THEO: Do you realize that you called me a liar?

MARK: Yes.

THEO: [*rolling up his sleeves*] In my language that means fight.

MARK: Marse Theo, [*rolling up his sleeves*] am yo' worldly effects provided fo'?

THEO: Girls, you'll have to go out. I can't bear the thought of your young and innocent eyes being witness to the scene of carnage that is about to take place.

GIRLS: You won't hurt him, will you, Mr. Dunlap? Oh, please be careful.

I can't bear the sight of blood. I'm so afraid. [THEO *pushes them out.*]

THEO: [*rolling down sleeves*] Did you find a horse?

MARK: The one animal in the worl', Marse Theo.

THEO: [*anxiously*] Well — er — how old is he?

MARK: *She* am thirty-four.

THEO: Good Lord,— in the prime of life!

MARK: Marse Theo, a hawse that has seen thirty-four summers, has gen'rally seen the las' ten as glue an' fertilizer.

THEO: Then she's all right?

MARK: It seems that her husband died of the influenza in the Spanish war, an' she's nursed his memory as a secret sorrow ever since.

THEO: And everything else is fixed?

MARK: Every las' detail. You know the bit, the thing that goes in the hawse's mouth over his tongue? Well, Ah've soldered a thumbtack on it. Ah goes drivin' with Missy Barbara; she takes the reins, gives 'em one pull, and — blooey! Marse Theo happens to be standin' near, he stops the horse, an' lo! he am a hero.

THEO: That ought to make a hit with Bab. But say, you know the little Chinese girl or whatever she is that Mrs. Dubb brought back with her from Atlanta.

MARK: The lady what's gwine teach Marse Rufus the language on that 'ere island where they're goin'?

THEO: She looked pretty good, didn't she, when she came in?

MARK: It was the sight o' her what induced me to put on mah one non-celluloid collar, that Ah bought when mah mother-in-law died so's Ah could gloat over the coffin without bein' exploded by the candles.

[*Enter RUFUS DUBB, whistling softly, with an ethnology text-book in his hand. He is in the early twenties. The concentrated study of ethnology has not improved his physical appearance. His shoulders, while not deformed, are stooped. The loosely fitting clothes, the horn glasses, and the stray lock of hair falling over his forehead are not becoming. His contrast to the immaculate THEO is striking. He has an amiable, almost bovine, air which is irresistible. He reveals his emotions by modulations in the tone of an odd little tune which he whistles continually when not speaking.*]

MARK: Er — Marse Rufus, Marse Theo.



THEO: He doesn't make any difference. He isn't a human being. [*A slight pause, RUFÉ whistling.*]

RUFÉ: Hello, Theo.

THEO: How are you? [*flatly*].

RUFÉ: I'm fine thanks. How are you? [*Sits at davenport.*]

THEO: [*to Mark*] Look. The little Chinese girl's window faces the street. You yell good and loud when the horse runs away. Maybe she'll see the rescue.

MARK: Yassah.

[*Enter PROF. DUBB, a short but important looking man of fifty, partially bald. One hand is behind his back holding the package of cigarettes THEO has sold.*]

THEO: And don't forget the bandages and the red ink.

MARK: Red ink am one thing Ah can't forget, Marse Theo. Five fifteen, yes, *sir*.

PROF.: You may go, Mark. Pardon me a moment, Rufus, I wish to speak to Theobald.

RUFÉ: No offense at all. [*Continues whistling.*]

THEO: Good afternoon, Professor Dubb.

PROF.: [*producing the package*] You sold these to one of the girls.

THEO: Yes, sir.

PROF.: It must never happen again. [*Up to this point the audience must think THEO is in for a bawling out for trying to corrupt the femininity of the house.*] In this house you are my secretary, *not* my sales manager. If my wife — you *know* Mrs. Dubb — if she should discover that I owned a company manufacturing an intoxicating cigarette —. My son, may you never have one like mine. And as for your chances with Barbara —.

THEO: [*convinced*] Mum's the word. [*Crosses his heart.*]

PROF.: Mum's the word.

RUFÉ: G'bye, Theo.

THEO: So long. [*Exit.*]

[*During the following scene RUFÉ takes Nuxated Iron, munches a cracker, whistles, picks up a pin, and puts it in his lapel.*]

PROF.: I don't know what I'm going to do with your mother, Rufus. She took one look at that book and now she is determined to go to Tambelo with us. Here's the opportunity that you and I have

been longing for for years: a chance for some really original research into that story about the pirate colony on the Island. The book we could write when we got back would be worth an international reputation to both of us. But there's no time to be lost. There's a rumor that the author of your book — Professor Drinkwater himself — is about to start on just such an expedition as ours. We've got to beat him across the Pacific. There's the commission. [*Shows him document.*] Came with the expense check this noon, signed by the President of the University and the Governor of Georgia. We could start tomorrow. *Then* — your mother decides that Tambelo Island was created so that she could reform it. We won't be able to start for six weeks, and when we do our ethnology expedition will have become a temperance society.

RUFE: Regrettable, isn't it?

PROF.: It's hell.

RUFE: Father!

PROF.: [*despairing*] I guess it's all my fault for leaving the book where she could get it, with that story about Tambelo: bandits and booze and polygamy. Probably all lies — but lies or no lies, your mother *will* reform them. And when your mother *will*, she *will*. I don't know what I'd do with Bab. Guess I'll have to take her with us. [*Rufe brightens.*] I think I'll take Theo, too. [*Rufe wilts.*]

MRS. DUBB: [*off stage*] Arthur! Arthur!!

PROF.: Rufus, your mother is calling. Will you come with me?  
[*Exit PROFESSOR. Enters HILDA detaining RUFE.*]

HILDA: [*obviously all upset; very sisterly to RUFE*] Please, Rufe dear, just a minute.

RUFE: I'm sorry, Hilda, but father needs me.

HILDA: Oh, that's all right. I asked Mrs. Dubb to call off the Professor so I could talk to you. I've simply got to talk to you. [*Almost in tears*] Rufe, I just can't stand it any longer. I — [*sniff*] I — [*sniff*] — oh! [*Sobs in handkerchief.*]

RUFE: Hilda, Hilda, please don't cry.

HILDA: [*holds up a minute*] Rufe — Rufe, you dear, I knew *you'd* sympathize with me. Bless you — [*Sobs, her head on his shoulder.*]

RUFE: [*agonized*] *Don't cry*, Hilda! Do anything, go as far as you like, but don't cry.

HILDA: [*in a grand old cry*] I knew it. I knew *you'd* sympathize with me!

RUFÉ: Yes, yes. Let's sit down. [*She clings.*]

HILDA: Oh, comfort me, Rufe, comfort me. [*He pats her furiously.*]  
You're so good. I knew *you'd* sympathize with me.

RUFÉ: Hilda, you know I'd like to. But how can I? You haven't told me what the trouble is.

HILDA: Well, [*drying up*] I'll tell you. You know I — oh, Rufe! [*About to weep.*]

RUFÉ: [*frantically*] Yes, Hilda, yes. I know. I know everything.

HILDA: [*wild-eyed*] You do!

RUFÉ: Well, almost everything. Go on, tell me.

HILDA: You know, I like Theo — very much.

RUFÉ: Yes, I know. But now that we're all quiet, and seeing that you like Theo — very much, don't you think it would be better if we weren't so — er — constrained in point of space? You see what I mean?

HILDA: [*raises head one and a half inches from his shoulder*] Why, Rufe, what's the matter?

RUFÉ: Nothing's the matter, but don't you see that —? [*Shrugs his shoulder.*]

HILDA: I see that my head's on your shoulder. But what of that?

RUFÉ: Well — you're no relation of mine. You're just a friend of Bab's, and — well, I'm a man, you know.

HILDA: [*reassured*] Oh, Rufe, nobody ever thinks of you in *that* way. [*Rufe jumps to his feet.*] Good Lord, Rufe, what's the matter?

RUFÉ: Nothing — nothing. I just — er — thought I found a tack in the davenport. You don't mind?

HILDA: No. Now please, Rufe, listen. [*He sits.*] I love Theo, you don't know how much!

RUFÉ: Yes I do; just the way I love Bab.

HILDA: No, its more than that.

RUFÉ: It isn't.

HILDA: It is.

RUFÉ: It isn't.

HILDA: It is.

RUFÉ: It i — well, all right, go on.

HILDA: Well, look — I mean, listen. I love Theo, but Theo, while he loves me, seems to love every other girl he sees — you know, both abstractly and concretely, as you might say.

RUFE: I've heard of it.

HILDA: [*starts haltingly, but once in motion, flows like Niagara*] Just now, Theo is crazy about your father's ward — about Bab. I know you like Bab and you don't like to see that going on any better than I do. You do like Bab, don't you?

RUFE: Oh, I love her devotedly. How couldn't I? She's my father's ward isn't she? Did you ever hear of a son who didn't love his father's ward? No, neither did I. There you are — you don't expect me to do anything different, do you? Then I love her — devotedly.

HILDA: And Bab likes you, Rufe. She likes you a lot. Of course, she realizes that — She knows you and she understands that — [*in a flood*]. Well, we all have our peculiarities, you know. But she really likes you. Rufe, I want you to propose to Bab today. [*RUFE is about to die.*] Oh, don't take it like that, Rufe, please. Look, I'll tell you why. It's for you and for me both. Theo and Bab — I know that this is true — they had a little tiff yesterday. They aren't very good friends today, so now's our chance. You know Theo's just a hound for sympathy, and if you should get Bab away from him today, I think he'd come straight to me — I *know* he would. And I'd have Theo and you'd have Bab and we could have a double wedding and — oh GEE!

RUFE: [*minor obligato to Hilda's crescendo*] Hilda — I wish I could help you, but — I haven't any hopes about Bab. She likes horses — I don't ride. She likes tennis and golf — I don't play. She likes music — I never took a lesson in my life. When I ought to have been learning to do those things I was being brought up by my mother in an African jungle in communion with the flamingoes and the baboons. But look at Theo. He can ride, play tennis, sing Bab pretty songs, and grow a mustache. Where are my chances? I took Bab canoeing on the lake one night, and sang "Annie Laurie" to her, and — (*opens his vest and places Hilda's finger on one of his ribs*) Feel that dent?

HILDA: Oo!

RUFE: An old darkie was out hunting for loons and he shot at me. That's how I sing. And I only have to shave twice a week. I do everything I can. I take this by the case [*showing Nuxated Iron*]. I rub myself raw with Sloan's liniment. I read "Power of Will." But it's no use — no use.

HILDA: I guess you're right, it's no use.

SONG: "Out o' Luck."

[A crash is heard off stage, a horse's neigh, galloping hoofs, a woman's scream, MARK's voice: "Whoa there, where yo' all goin'? Save us, save us."]

RUFE: [at window, left] Look; he's running away! And Bab's there, driving! [He throws open the door and rushes out.]

HILDA: Oh, Rufe! Rufe, look. There's Theo. [A crash off stage.] O — oh! Look, he's saved Bab. He's saved Bab! [Cheers off stage. RUFE and HILDA re-enter left and right] Theo has — [she realizes what it means] — saved — Bab.

[HILDA silently lays her head on RUFE's shoulder. Gently he pats her hair.]

RUFE: It's all over.

HILDA: [holding back the tears] All — over.

[More cheers. Enter BAB through French window left supported by MARK. THEO follows, bowing to the crowd off stage. BAB is decidedly pretty, but rather insipidly so.]

THEO: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, thank you. Nothing at all, I assure you.

[MARK, RUFE and HILDA bring BAB down front to davenport. THEO arranges his clothes in artistic disarray.]

HILDA: Oh, Bab, Bab dear. You're not hurt, are you? I just knew that old horse was no good. Do you feel faint? I wish I knew something I could do for you. There now, sit down. Are you all right?

MARK: There, there, Missy Barbara. You jes' lean right on me. Everything's all right — allright. You jes' sit down an' be quiet. Everything's all right. [THEO kicks MARK. They retire right front to make a wounded hero of THEO with bandages and red ink.]

RUFE: Bab, try some of this [offering Nuxated Iron]. I think it would do you good. And these crackers help to take the taste out of your mouth. [He pins up a bit of her dress that was torn with a pin from his lapel.] Lucky I carry pins, isn't it?

BAB: Thank you, Rufe.

THEO: [to MARK] Come on, come on. Hurry up. Put more ink on it there and let it soak through.

MARK: Yo' all won't forget, will ya, Marse Theo, that there's twen'y dollubs comin' to me for this here job?

THEO: Twenty dollars! Twenty dollars!! — Well, we'll talk that over later after we see how good a story you can tell. If you want your money, make it good.

[MRS. DUBB, a "well-built," overbearing woman of forty-five, appears from stairs followed by PROFESSOR. Half way across stage she stops.]

MRS.: My smelling salts; I've forgotten them. Arthur, get my smelling salts.

PROF.: But, my dear, I —

MRS.: Arthur!

PROF.: All right, my dear. [*Exit upstairs.*]

MRS.: [RUFÉ is just administering another dose of Nuxated Iron.] Rufus, if you will stand aside and let someone in there who can do something — and don't try giving Barbara any of that poison. One chronic dope fiend is enough in this family.

RUFÉ: But I don't want to take this stuff; it's you that make me.

MRS.: Rufus, do you realize that there wasn't a single word of more than one syllable in that entire sentence. All right — talk like a six-year-old, and what with the way you look and the way you act, the truant officer will get you yet. Don't stand there gawping at me with your mouth open. Will you move?

RUFÉ: Yes.

MRS.: Now Barbara, are you all right?

BAB: Yes, Aunty, I'm perfectly all right. I was just shaken up a little. But I owe an awful lot to Theo. I guess he saved my life.

MRS.: Now I want to hear all about it, every last detail.

[THEO pushes MARK forward.]

MARK: Ah'll tell yo' all about it. Y' see, Missy Bab wanted to try out the new hawse. So Ah hitched him up with a bran' new bit Ah'd jus' made, an' we started out. Missy Bab wanted to drive, so she took the reins and said "Giddap," and gave 'em a little pull, and the hawse jumped — mah Lord, you'd a thought he'd had something stuck into him — an' he ran — across the cartracks an' up the hill on one side an' down the hill on the other. An' there was Marse Theo standin' there jes' like he was waitin' for us —. An' like the hero he is, he ran right out and he grabbed that hawse, an' he says, "Whoa there, you son of a gun." — jes' like that. An' the horse stopped jes' as the wheel busted against the curb stone, an' we all was saved. Missy Bab, yo' sho' was saved by a



brave man — a brave man. [MARK turns his back on the group about the davenport, falls on his knees, raises his eyes to heaven, and prays.]

HILDA: [to Rufe] I guess we didn't see it very well, but still we seemed to, didn't we?

MRS.: [moved] Theobald, come here and let me kiss you. You are a worthy man.

[THEO discloses a bandaged arm dripping blood. PROF. enters and tries to prevent MRS. from seeing it. HILDA and BAB see it and scream. MRS. DUBB sees it and faints with a gasp into PROF.'s arms. They place her on the davenport. MARK prays.]

PROF.: I knew it. She can't stand the sight of blood.

RUFEE: Mark, Mark, what's the matter? You're saved. You don't need to pray.

MARK: Mah body am saved, Marse Rufe, but mah soul am lost fo'ever. The lies Ah —

THEO: Well, get up now and help with Mrs. Dubb, don't you see she's fainted?

MARK: All right, Marse Theo. May your soul rest in peace. [MARK, PROF. and HILDA carry off MRS. DUBB.]

BAB: Can I help?

PROF.: No, dear. We'll take her to her room. She'll be all right in a few moments.

[Exit right. The dull boom of a cannon is heard off stage.]

THEO: [to Rufe] The sunset gun. Don't you think you'd better dress?

RUFEE: Sunset gun? [Looks at his watch. The cannon booms again.]

THEO: Oh, no, alarm gun of the federal prison. Two convicts escaping in one day. That's what a Democratic administration will do for you.

BAB: Remember, Theo, you're south of the Mason-Dixon line.

THEO: [peremptorily] Well, sunset or no sunset, don't you think you'd better dress?

RUFEE: All right. [Is about to go.] But I want to congratulate you, Theo, on a fine deed. I suppose I might as well say good-bye to Bab now after that. You know how I liked you, Bab, and — well, good-bye. I'll leave the hero and the heroine alone.

BAB: It really isn't settled yet, you know, but — [as humanely as possible] good-bye, Rufe. You're a nice boy, but you never were made to be just like other men.

THEO: So long, Rufus. Buy up a couple more cases of Nuxated Iron, and maybe you'll stop a horse yet some day.

RUF: Theo, that isn't kind of you to say that to me. And it wasn't very nice of you either, Barbara. Both of you know that I'm not the one to blame if I am a little queer. You know how my mother kept me shut up in a cabin with "Pilgrim's Progress" and my father's Ethnology text-books while she was a missionary, and when she did let me out, never let me see a human being until — until I was as much worse than I am now as you can imagine. I wish you wouldn't say those things.

{ THEO: [*disgusted*] Good Lord!

{ BAB: Oh, Rufe.

RUF: I'm hurt, that's what I am, hurt — and I think it's unkind of you to say the things you do. I hear them, every one of them, and I understand them and I remember them and I — [*suddenly catches himself*] Why would I act like that? It's ridiculous. — I know why I do! • I act like that because [*to THEO*] you expect me to and Bab expects me to and my mother and father expect me to. I'm no good because I'm expected to be no good. There never was a person I knew who believed there was anything worth while in me. But some day I'll find someone who'll believe there's more to me than horn glasses and stooped shoulders. And when I do, the rest of you look out! That's all I say. Look out! Something's going to happen!

THEO: Rufe, old boy, you ought to go on the stage with that. It's a scream. What a one! You've had an overdose of Nuxated Iron, I can see that.

BAB: Theo, don't, please.

RUF: [*wilted*] Oh, never mind, Bab, I guess you're right. I never was made to be like other men.

MRS.: [*off stage*] Rufus!

BAB: I think your mother wants you to meet the little Chinese girl she's engaged to teach you the language they speak in Tambelo. She doesn't look very Chinese, but she's awfully nice. I hope you'll like her.

MRS.: [*off stage*] Rufus, I'm calling you.

RUF: Thanks, Bab. All right, Mother, I'm coming. [*Picks up a pin on his way to the door, and goes out.*]

BAB: You know, Theo, if Rufe could wear a skirt and shirt-waist, I think he's got the makings of a tom-boy.



THEO: Bab, did you hear what the Professor said at lunch? We're going to Tambelo — there where the palm trees grow and the nights are balmy and the moon is full. We'll be sitting upon the shore while the mosquitoes feed upon our ankles —

BAB: Yes, "we"! But what about the balmy nights when *we* aren't there? I can't trust you out of my sight with mere American girls. What will I do among the dusky beauties on an isle in the China Sea.

THEO: I'll admit I used to be a bit, er — general, emotionally speaking; but now you know I've reformed.

BAB: Reformed! For the fifteen minutes you're talking to me.

SONG: "Bad Boy." [*Exeunt.*]  
 [*Enter RUFÉ and TAÏ LO from stairs. TAÏ is twenty years old, a brunette, and possessed of a poise in advance of her years.*]

RUFÉ: [*he whistles confusedly*] I suppose I oughtn't to whistle. Mother doesn't like it. She says it makes my Adam's apple too big.

TAÏ: I don't think so.

RUFÉ: Father likes it, though. He thinks my Adam's apple is so masculine. His isn't very big, you see.

TAÏ: It's very nice indeed. [*RUFÉ whistles.*]

RUFÉ: You won't mind if I don't use long words when I talk to you?

TAÏ: Why, it doesn't make any difference.

RUFÉ: I'm glad of that. You see, Father and Mother say that I seem to be on the border-line between being a genius and a defective, and if I use long words I may be able to fool people pretty well. So before I was twenty-one they made me learn two long words every day until I talked like a geology text-book. Bab says it doesn't make any difference; I look foolish anyway.

TAÏ: Bab?

RUFÉ: Yes, you met her. She's my sister — that is, my cous — or rather, my father's ward.

TAÏ: Well, I think she's a prune to say that.

RUFÉ: She's a —?

TAÏ: A prune. Prune! Black thing with wrinkles on it.

RUFÉ: You know, you don't talk like a Chink.

TAÏ: Do you think I am one?

RUFÉ: I guess I didn't catch your name.

TAÏ: Fuan-shi-maya-kahi-Taï-Lo.

RUFE: Yes, that was it.

TAÏ: Known as Taï Lo.

RUFE: Taï Lo — even that isn't Irish.

TAÏ: I thought you knew about Tambelo. There are two kinds of people there, the Chinese and —

RUFE: Good Lord! You aren't a pirate's daughter, are you?

TAÏ: I'm not quite as bad as that. I'm a descendant of Captain Kidd, I admit, but my father was the King of Tambelo and perfectly respectable.

RUFE: Then you're a princess!

TAÏ: I *was* a princess; but my family went out of style in Tambelo before I was old enough to enjoy the social advantages. There was a revolution. They only exiled me; they killed my mother and father.

RUFE: I'm glad of that.

TAÏ: You're glad that —?

RUFE: That it was your father they killed,— I mean that they exiled you — that is, that they didn't kill you. [TAÏ *wipes away a tear*. RUFE *whistles comfortingly*.]

TAÏ: You're interested in music, aren't you?

RUFE: Mother says I should be. [*Continues whistling*.]

TAÏ: [*She has discovered the chest*.] Does that old chest belong to you?

RUFE: Oh, yes — my father's respectable, too.

TAÏ: I mean, where did you get it?

RUFE: You ought to recognize that. It came from Tambelo. A missionary friend of father's sent it to us when he heard that we were going to do this research work.

TAÏ: I thought it looked — why no, it can't look familiar. I left there when I was only three years old, and I can't remember back that far.

RUFE: There's a story that it belonged to Captain Kidd when he was king of Tambelo.

TAÏ: [*as if in a trance*] If you look in the crimson sash in the bottom of the chest, you will find a silver flagon.

RUFE: How do you know?

TAÏ: [*puzzled*] I can't tell; but I do. I'm sure of it. I *know* it. Look and see. [RUFE *hauls out a bunch of old pirate costumes and finds the flagon*.]

RUFE: Why, you're a wonder. [*Shakes it.*] There's something in it. [*Opens it and smells.*] It's horrible stuff. Let's throw it away.

TAÏ: [*again spellbound, facing the audience, back to chest*] No! Put it back — just as you found it. [*RUFE puts it back; closes cover.*] You must put the costumes back as they were; the one with the sash and the flagon at the bottom. [*RUFE puts it there.*]

RUFE: How did you know what I was doing? You weren't watching me. And why did those things have to be put back in order?

TAÏ: I didn't say anything to you. I don't care whether you put them back or not.

RUFE: You didn't say anything?—Why, I was standing here and I had this costume in my hand [*Picks one out of the chest*]. You were standing over there and you weren't even looking at me but you said —

[*Enter PROF. and MRS. DUBB arguing, and MARK and THEO arguing.*]

MRS. DUBB: [*stops her tirade short.*] Rufus, I shall be thankful when I can tell my friends that my son no longer finds his most strenuous sport in playing pirate.

[*RUFUS and TAÏ sit on the old chest talking in pantomime.*]

MRS.: There is no use arguing, Arthur; I am going to take the big trunk. It's the only one that's long enough.

PROF.: Long enough for what? Between a décolleté down to your waist and — [*he looks at the length of her skirts*] — my dear!

MRS.: Arthur, I am told that as a boy you were quite witty — but you have lost it with your hair. I am taking the big trunk because it is the only one long enough for my pink parasol, and [*He is about to protest*] I am going to take that. My complexion would be utterly ruined — [*continues in pantomime.*]

RUFE: That sounds like the jungle I was raised in.

TAÏ: Only we have running water and revolutions and all the modern improvements on Tambelo.

RUFE: But won't you be afraid to go back there after you were exiled?

TAÏ: They'd never recognize me now. I'll just change my name. [*Continue in pantomime.*]

[*MARK and THEO have been arguing in pantomime down stage right.*]

MARK: [*THEO can't quiet him*] Twen'y dolluhs was mah price — an' twen'y dolluhs it re-mains.

- THEO: Now, listen — listen to reason. Five to the owner of the horse and five to you. What could be fairer?
- MARK: Twen'y dolluhs an' here's mah bill: Fo' findin' the hawse in this yeah state which was nearest dead while yet livin' — \$10. Fo' bribin' the owner of said hawse to risk the life of his animal by runnin' him fifty yards — \$5. Fo' labor of startin' said hawse an' keepin' said hawse in motion fo' fifty yards — \$5. Fo' perjurin' my soul by tellin' Missy Bab she was saved by a brave man — no man can pay. Them's mah terms.
- THEO: Can't do it.
- MARK: Twen'y dolluhs.
- THEO: Ten dollars.
- TAÏ: [to RUFÉ, not hearing THEO] Oh, is that all?
- MARK: Twen'y dolluhs.
- RUFÉ: [to TAÏ] I call it altogether too much.
- THEO: Fifteen dollars.
- MARK: Twen'y dolluhs.
- THEO: Seventeen.
- MARK: Twen'y.
- THEO: Eighteen.
- MARK: [*crecendo*] Twen'y.
- THEO: Nineteen.
- MRS.: Theobald, if you own that much money, decorum dictates that you should keep it to yourself. What are you talking about?
- MARK: Marse Theo was just agreein' wid me that peace o' mind was worth twen'y dolluhs. Didn' you say twen'y dolluhs, Marse Theo?
- THEO: Twenty dollars.
- PROF.: Twenty dollars is cheap, my boy, cheap.
- MARK: Ah admires yo' judgment, Marse Theo. We agree. [THEO gestures as if to knife MARK. MARK answers an imaginary call off stage.] Ah's comin', suh, Ah's comin'. Ah's on mah way — expeditiously. [*Exit left.*]
- MRS.: Theobald, dinner is being served in [*looks at watch*] eighteen minutes. Your garb is picturesque but hardly appropriate. Rufus — you now have but seventeen and a half minutes to dress. Come Arthur, I want that trunk brought downstairs. [*Exeunt right.*]
- RUFÉ: [*Although he and TAÏ were quite chummy while the others were around, the fact that they are alone chills the party.*] We're alone again, aren't we?

TAÏ: Yes. [*Rufe whistles.*] Er — don't you think you ought to dress for dinner as your mother says? [*Rufe shakes his head, smiles, and goes on whistling. He draws the davenport up to front stage. TAÏ sits, then Rufe. She didn't want him to go.*]

RUFÉ: Well, as we were saying — we were saying that — [*whistles*]. I wonder if — [*whistles*] — Would you be willing to — [*whistles*]?

TAÏ: Er — are there any words to that song you whistle — so well?

RUFÉ: Yes, there's some good words. I'll get Theo to sing them for you some time.

TAÏ: Don't you know them?

RUFÉ: Oh yes, I know them, but I can't sing. Theo can though.

TAÏ: I'd like to hear you.

RUFÉ: But I can't sing.

TAÏ: I'll bet you could do a lot of things if you thought you could. I think you can.

RUFÉ: You think so? You know I said that some day I'd find — well, never mind what I said.

TAÏ: Please sing it?

RUFÉ: All right. But there's no sense to it. It's crazy. I wouldn't have mother hear me for worlds.

[*Sings*] "All the little lovin' that I had from you,  
It's all gone past.  
Sentimental talkin' that we had when we were walkin',  
It's all gone past.  
Never no more, my honey. Never no more,  
Spoonin' in the dark.  
'Cause all the little lovin' that I had from you,  
It's all gone past.  
Another good man gone wrong!"

Foolish thing, isn't it?

TAÏ: Silliest thing I ever heard. [*She laughs, he laughs. It becomes contagious, and they both laugh.*]

{ RUFÉ: [*At end of his laugh*] Oh, golly.

{ TAÏ: [*At end of her laugh*] Gee, whiz.

RUFÉ: [*The scene has now warmed up*] You know, I think you and I are going to get along great.

TAÏ: [*sincerely*] I hope so — and I'm sure we will.

RUFÉ: So am I!

TAĪ: [*breaking the tension again*] But, after all, your mother is paying me to teach you the Tambelan language, and since we'll be on the island so soon don't you think we ought to begin?

RUFE: Are there many long words in it?

TAĪ: Naturally there are some.

RUFE: Well, don't teach me any. You know my mother. I'm listening, teacher.

TAĪ: [*a pause*] I never did this before. I don't know where to begin.

RUFE: Parlez-vous français?

TAĪ: Beg pardon.

RUFE: You don't speak French, do you?

TAĪ: No — but —

RUFE: But I'll bet you know some French words.

TAĪ: Only a few.

RUFE: What are they?

TAĪ: [*reciting*] Je t'aime. M'aimes-tu? Oui.

RUFE: I knew it. Sprechen Sie Deutsch?

TAĪ: A few words.

RUFE: Well?

TAĪ: Ich liebe dich. Liebst du mich? Ja.

RUFE: Now teach me.

TAĪ: Well, it's rather hard. You see our language is only a dialect and is never written, so there are lots of expressions that have more than one meaning. For instance, Kah-i-wee means I like you and do you like me? and I love you and do you love me?

RUFE: I should think that it would be awkward.

TAĪ: Oh, no. You see, you can say: Kah-i-wee, [*I like you*] or Kah-i-wee? [*Do you like me?*] or Kah-i-wee! [*I love you!*] or Kah-i-wee?! [*Do you love me?*] You never make a mistake.

RUFE: Kah-i-wee. Kah-i-wee? [*Half way between.*]

TAĪ: Kah-i-wee!

SONG: "Kah-i-wee." *Dance by TAĪ and RUFE.*

*[On the encore of the dance, the rest of the family, dressed for dinner, appear from the stairs, led by PROF. and MRS. Toward the end of their dance, RUFE catches sight of his mother glaring at him, and as the dance ends he and TAĪ sneak into the dining-room, arm in arm. The others follow.]*



*Enter STEVE and BILL followed by two cops. Dance. STEVE and BILL evade the cops, who exeunt. Crash of crockery off stage. BILL tiptoes to entrance, left. Both men are in full convict regalia.]*

BILL: [Stage whisper] Steve — they're eating dinner.

STEVE: [donning a stolen suit of clothes] Good night! No necktie.

BILL: No necktie! Look at me.

STEVE: One of us has got to stay here and stall off the family, Bill. I've got to have a necktie.

BILL: Use your belt.

STEVE: [holding his trousers] But my —

BILL: Then use my belt. [Gives it to him.] And don't you gum this deal. Who are you now in that rig?

STEVE: [spying book] Oh, simple. [Looking at title page.] I am Wilfred Isidor Drinkwater, professor of Ethnology, University of Oregon. Ethnology — Bill, what is Ethnology?

BILL: Ethnology?

STEVE: Sure. Didn't you learn what ethnology was down at Yale?

BILL: Did *you* learn what ethnology was down at Yale? Did you learn anything down at Yale?

STEVE: Well — did you?

BILL: I can tell you some good stories.

SONG: "Down at Yale."

[Exit BILL right. Enter RUFÉ and TAÏ. RUFÉ whistles softly.]

TAÏ: —and every night the market-place is lit up with 'cute little lanterns, and the — [She sees STEVE. RUFÉ follows her eyes and stops whistling.]

STEVE: [He has found the book-plate] Pardon me, young man, you *look* as if you might be Mr. Rufus Dubb, assistant professor of ethnology at the University.

RUFÉ: Yes, I've been told that before.

STEVE: [breecily, to TAÏ Lo] Now, isn't that fine?

TAÏ: Yes — yes, indeed.

STEVE: I have heard of your work, young man, and as a colleague, wish to congratulate you. [Vigorous handshake.]

RUFÉ: Thank you, sir. But, er —

STEVE: You'd like to know who I am. Well, young man, I am — I am, [He has forgotten] the author of this book, [opens to title page] as you see, Professor William Isidor Drinkwater.

RUFE: I'm very pleased, sir. [*Vigorous handshake.*] Meet my tutor. [*Another.*] But — doesn't it say here, *Wilfred* Isidor Drinkwater?

STEVE: [*scrutinizing the page*] Well, so it does! Young man, you've done me a priceless service [*handshake*]. A misprint in my book. I'll sue the publisher.

TAÏ: It isn't as bad as that, is it?

STEVE: All right, I won't sue him then.

RUFE: If you could wait just a moment, Professor Drinkwater, I'm sure my father would like to meet you. [*Goes out.*]

STEVE: Certainly — delighted. [*To TAÏ*] His father?

TAÏ: Yes, Professor Dubb, the famous ethnologist. Haven't you heard of him?

STEVE: Dubb? Oh, certainly. Household word with me. Just wondered if he was the one.

TAÏ: Yes, Rufus has only one father.  
[*Enter PROF., RUFE, MRS., BAB, and THEO.*]

PROF. This is indeed an honor, Professor Drinkwater.

STEVE: Not at all, Professor Dubb. A great convenience I assure you.  
[*Handshake. RUFE and TAÏ sneak off.*]

PROF.: My wife, Professor Drinkwater.

MRS.: [*handshake*] Oh, Professor Drinkwater, I'm so glad to meet you. I was so much interested in your book, particularly the passage about that immoral Tambelo Island and those horrid bandits who have control over it. I am going there with my husband to try to remedy the conditions. Now you and I are going to have a nice long talk about it and [*to others*] the sooner, the better.  
[*The others start to leave.*]

STEVE: Don't go, please. It's one of my principles that I never talk business immediately after dinner. My eyes are a bit weak and [*All but STEVE are back to the stairs. He faces them. BILL appears there in girl's clothes. BILL motions he will enter by front door and goes upstairs. STEVE almost collapses.*]

PROF.: Is anything the matter, Professor?

MRS.: Dear Professor, do try my smelling salts.

STEVE: Perfectly all right, thank you. As you see, I have a tendency to a weak heart. As I was saying, I and — my daughter were going by, er — going by, er — going by — that is —  
[*A knock at the front door.*]



BILL: (*off stage, falsetto*) Father.

STEVE: Ah, there she is now. Come in, my dear. [*Enter Bill.*] I'd like you to meet Professor Dubb and his family.

BILL: (*courtscying*) Pleased to meet you.

MRS.: I think you have excellent taste in clothes, Professor Drinkwater. Your daughter dresses just as Barbara used to at her age.

BAB: Come here, dear. I think you're just a little darling. [*She sits on davenport*] Come sit in my lap. [*BILL does.*]

PROF.: Well, you were telling us, Professor —

STEVE: Oh, yes, we were going by, and —

BILL: [*to BAB*] We were in a party of four.

STEVE: Yes, a party of four, but we strayed away from the others. We had walked over from our place, up the line a way.

PROF.: So you have a house here. I had hoped you could stay with us a while.

BILL: I'm very much in favor of —

STEVE: No, no, Professor. I'm very sorry, but we're leaving the country right away.

PROF.: Then it's true. [*BILL jumps to his feet. STEVE turns as if to run.*]

{ BILL: Oh, my God!  
STEVE: What's true?

PROF.: — that you are also going on an expedition to Tambelo. [*Bill returns.*] I'd heard rumors of it.

STEVE: So that's got out, too. But then, I shouldn't be surprised. There's been so many things getting out lately. Yes — we're leaving at once.

PROF.: Well, even though we are rivals in a sense, I should think we might combine forces. I don't know when my wife will be ready. She's rather slow about such things, but —

MRS.: [*piqued*] I could leave tomorrow morning!

STEVE: Tomorrow morning would be the last possible hour I could leave. If you could go at that time, Professor Dubb, I should be very happy to have your distinguished aid.

PROF.: Gwendolyn, can it be done?

MRS.: *I said it could, and I don't lie.*

BILL: [*to Bab*] Gee, that's a kick in the teeth, ain't it?

PROF.: All right, Professor, our party will start tomorrow.

BILL: [*laying his head against BAB's*] Nothing could be sweeter. [STEVE starts to rifle the crowd.]

STEVE: We may stay here for the night, Professor?

MRS.: Why, certainly, dear Professor.

PROF.: But won't you have to go back to your house and lock up? [BILL and STEVE jump at "lock."] ]

BILL: Oh, no, we have a good man back there who always keeps the place locked and never let's anyone — er, anything get away — much.

PROF.: And your financial supplies are all right?

STEVE: [*collecting watches and stick pins*] Oh, yes; yes, indeed — that is, we'll have plenty of money by the time we get to Frisco — or before. Of course, we'll have to call on our broker there.

PROF.: Then it's all settled. Tomorrow we're off for the China Sea.

BILL: Yea-bo!

SONG: "Isle in the China Sea."

CURTAIN

## ACT II

### SCENE I

[*Music plays all through this scene — special music if possible — no word is spoken. The pantomime should be fast.*]

*Curtain rises on the same room as Act I in almost complete darkness. Once the illusion of darkness given, the lights may be raised sufficiently for clearness. A gong strikes eleven. Enter MARK from dining-room shaking a cocktail shaker. He tastes the contents, doesn't like it, and goes back for more stuff. Enter THEO in pajamas and bathrobe, with a large carton marked, "The World's Only Intoxicating Cigarette, Theobald & Dunlap, Inc.," a ledger, a candle, and a roll of bills. He sits at table, lights the candle, opens the ledger, lays down the roll of bills, puts carton on the floor, and starts figuring. Enter MARK with shaker, doing a cakewalk. THEO ducks under table, then, seeing it is MARK, proceeds to hawl him out. MARK threatens to tell about the horse episode unless THEO shuts up. So they both take a drink.*

*STEVE and BILL have entered on tiptoe during this scene. STEVE continues into the dining-room for the family silver, while BILL stays and overhears about the horse. The ray of a flashlight is seen coming down the stairs. Exit MARK. BILL ducks behind a curtain, and THEO under the table, snuffing the candle. Enter RUFÉ, takes a dose of Nuxated Iron from the bottle on the table, replaces the bottle, picks a pin up off the floor, sticks it in his lapel, and goes into the kitchen for some crackers. BILL thinks he is safe, so comes out just as STEVE comes from the dining-room with an armful of silver. BILL starts to take some, when THEO comes up from under the table with a bump. STEVE grabs most of the silver, but BILL still retains a half-dozen forks. BILL tries to ramp THEO into letting him back to his room, but only succeeds in arousing THEO's suspicion. After chasing each other coyly about the stage for a minute or two, during which BILL drops the forks one at a time, THEO catches BILL. He discovers BILL's beard, then pulls his wig nearly off, and deduces his sex thereby. During this scene STEVE sneaks back upstairs. THEO is going to tell, but BILL also knows about the horse, so they also both take a drink and agree that Mum's the word. RUFÉ's flashlight appears from the kitchen. BILL exits upstairs; THEO ducks under the table. RUFÉ returns eating crackers, picks up a fork as he had the pin, sticks it in his lapel absent-mindedly, and exits. Enter PROF. DUBB in an old-fashioned night-shirt from upstairs. PROF. steps on a fork, curses, then, after failing to find THEO, whistles as a signal. THEO emerges and they go over their accounts. Enter MRS. DUBB in red flannel nightshirt and her hair in curl papers. She is not noticed at first. THEO spies her and both jump up and start to explain. But it is unnecessary; she is walking in her sleep. They sit her down in an armchair, finish their accounts,*

and exit. Enter BILL, his face all lather, and a razor in his hand, looking for a mirror at which to shave. He spies MRS. DUBB, jumps behind a curtain, then seeing that nothing happens he approaches. He listens to her heart, gets lather on her dress, wipes it off, and satisfied, starts shaving at the mirror by THEO'S candle. As MRS. DUBB rises and wanders off upstairs

The Curtain falls to rise with a brief interlude on

## SCENE 2

SONG: *The gong strikes twelve. TAÏ LO is discovered center stage front kneeling before a luminous crystal globe. She sings the first verse of her song. On the chorus "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" is heard in obligato from the direction of the sea chest. On the second verse six pirates' ghosts and the ghost of CAPTAIN KIDD emerge from the chest. CAPT. KIDD places himself behind TAÏ, the pirates in a semicircle about them. Second chorus with TAÏ singing her song and the pirates the obligato. TAÏ bends lower over the globe as if searching for her answer —*

TAÏ: I wonder.

CAPT.K.: [*touching her shoulder*] Wonder no more, Taï Lo; by the great mains'l I will give you your answer!

TAÏ: Who are you?

CAPT.K.: Who am I? [*Laughing noisily and slapping his thigh.*] Creaking haliards! For such ignorance many a lubber has tipped the plank when good ships bit the wind. Who am I, m' hearties?

HEARTIES: [*in chorus*] He's Captain Kidd of the great high seas,  
He cuts his way and he weighs where he please;  
For breakfast he eats H-O and rum,  
He's a pirate bold and a high-sea bum.

TAÏ: Then — why you're the ghost of my ancestor. You're the voice from the sea!

CAPT.K.: Right you are as a fair wind and an open ocean. But do not fear me, little lass. My voyage here is one of peace. I hoisted the skull and cross-bones for the last time when I came up from Davy Jones' locker some fifteen years ago.

TAÏ: Fifteen years ago! That is when my father was killed and I exiled from Tambelo Island.

CAPT.K.: Aye! The one time Captain Kidd ever touched port too late for a fight! But if I didn't save the king, your father, at least I scuttled his murderer's sloop. How did we do it, m' hearties?

HEARTIES: [*in chorus*] We climbed aboard in the dead of night;  
Then we dragged him down on our ghost ship white;  
We made him dance on the moonlit deck,  
[*deep and solemn*] And he walked the plank with a stone round his neck.

TAÏ: But what is your purpose in coming this time?

CAPT.K.: [*impressively*] I have come for you.

TAÏ: [*with a little start*] Oh! am I to walk the plank, too?

CAPT.K.: No, lass, you are to live long and rule Tambelo Island — my island — with your skipper at your side. But first —

TAÏ: [*interested immediately*] My skipper? Will he be very tall, have an Adam's apple, and whistle a lot?

CAPT.K.: [*ignoring this*] But first you must obey my orders. This is my last voyage to earth, and you must not fail me now. I have steered the course of your life for ten years through stormy seas; and now, Princess, last of my race, you must take your own helm. Go to Tambelo, win back the kingdom of your people, and let my blood rule once more in the land of Captain Kidd.

TAÏ: Sir, I am afraid I cannot do it alone. You said — a skipper —!

CAPT.K.: [*smilingly chucking her under the chin*] Aye, woman the world over! A skipper you shall have, lassie — but there never was a man since Drake met Davy Jones, who could weather the seas alone that lie below the horizon for you. So I am giving you this vial that holds the last drops of water from the spring of life; and by the Great Horn Spoon they'll make any man the equal of the gales of the equinox. Eh, m'hearties?

HEARTIES: [*in chorus*]

If Caesar had drunk it, he'd be ruling now in Rome;  
In Florida 'twas sought for by Ponce de Leon;  
If Napoleon had had it, there'd have been no Waterloo.  
We've got a corner on it, and we give the stuff to you."

TAÏ: [*shyly*] O-oh! then I think I know just the man I shall give it to.

CAPT.K.: Wait! You must tell no one of all this. Fate must guide, not you. Think, lass! This potion would prove a fearsome weapon in the hands of the wrong man. You must prove him worthy first.

TAÏ: How?

CAPT.K.: Tell him that it is death poison to all men save a chosen one; but to that one it is a sure means, by great hardship on his part, to help you to the fulfillment of your destiny. The man that will then take the chance for your sake and dare touch it to his lips will be worthy of a daughter of Captain Kidd. [*He gives her the vial.*]

TAÏ: [*taking vial*] Thank you — only — I wish I could tell Rufe about it. You see, he is very different from all other —

CAPT.K.: Aye! Your grandmothers said that before you. But, by the swinging jib, Taï Lo, I forbid you to tell anyone. Look [*he points to the vial*]. She's half empty — half of that has been spilled to no account in many a brawl on a bloody deck. And why? Because the secret wasn't kept; because there weren't any men different from all other men.

TAÏ: Tell me about it.

SONG: Song of the Spanish Main.

[*At the end of the last chorus someone is heard coming from upstairs. CAPTAIN KIDD places his hand on TAÏ LO's head in blessing, while the pirates run to the two doors. CAPTAIN KIDD enters chest and disappears. Pirates enter chest, chanting.*]

HEARTIES: Then we'll say "heave ho," and go to our rest  
In that land below, 'neath the old sea chest,  
Where we'll tip the tank at the "Skull and Bones,"  
Shooting craps in the cellar of Davy Jones.

[*Hollow laughter is heard, the rattling of dice, and last bars of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."*]

[*As the lid shuts down, RUFÉ appears on the stairs, clad in pajamas and bathrobe, the flashlight in his hand. He goes to the chest. TAÏ LO makes a movement of protest. He opens the chest and pulls out the old clothes. Closes it and comes down to TAÏ LO.*]

RUFÉ: Queer! thought I saw the thing move. Guess I've got 'em again.

TAÏ: Got what?

RUFÉ: Nerves. Didn't see a bottle around here, did you?— about half full.

TAÏ: [*jumps*] A — a — of what?

RUFÉ: [*indicating the cocktail shaker.*] Oh, I didn't mean that. I don't drink, you know. I meant my bottle of Nuxated Iron. Take it steady my nerves.

TAÏ: Oh! [*relieved*].

RUFÉ: Seems to me I've always been taking something to steady my nerves. Never has any effect on me. Sometimes I think that they're all wrong — that I haven't got any nerves. Say, would you like me better if I didn't have any. I mean if I just had — now, for instance, if I were as strong as Theo and could rescue you from a runaway horse —



[During this speech RUFE has turned away and TAĪ has been fingering the vial as if planning to give it to him. She glances fearfully at the chest, then decides to disobey CAPTAIN KIDD, and turns to RUFE with the vial. RUFE, in the meantime has stopped talking in embarrassment, has walked up back stage and is standing looking at the sea chest.]

TAĪ: Here is something that —

[RUFE begins to whistle “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.” When TAĪ hears this she starts, looks up at RUFE, and puts the vial back in her pocket.]

TAĪ: What made you whistle that?

RUFE: What?

TAĪ: That, that song.

RUFE: Oh, [he whistles a few bars; TAĪ shudders and glances at the chest] I don’t know. Just came into my head. I guess it was just the thought of the old chest from Tambelo.

TAĪ: [straightening up] Yes, I am glad that you spoke of it just now. I wanted to tell you. I, too, have work to do on Tambelo, and, I wanted to ask you to help me.

RUFE: You know, I’d go an awful long way to help you, Tai Lo, but you know me and my — difficulties.

TAĪ: Yes, Rufe, I do know you, better than you know yourself. Are we partners?

RUFE: [grasping her hand] Partners, Tai Lo, what can I do?

TAĪ: I am going to give you something to keep for me that is very valuable. Here [handing him the vial] this has been — er — handed down to me from my ancestors [looking toward chest]. In it is a liquid that is death poison to all men save a chosen one [she says this as though reciting a lesson], but to that one it is a sure means, by great hardship on his part, of helping me to the fulfillment of my destiny.

RUFE: [taking it] You say it’s poison?

TAĪ: To all but one.

RUFE: Look here, did they — the ancestral relations — guarantee that if the right man drank it, it would save you when the time came?

TAĪ: Yes — by — the Great Horn Spoon!

RUFE: [looks surprised, then smiles] All right. Then it’s worth taking care of — I mean, aye, aye, Captain, I’ll stow it away.

SONG: “Big Enough for Two.” With chorus of pajama girls.

## ACT III

### SCENE 1

*[The scene is the meeting place of the Tambelans on a hillside overlooking the sea. Off right a bit of the ocean is visible and off left the rising slope of a mountain. There is shrubbery on the stage whose contour, rising left and receding right, suggests the slope of the hill.]*

OPENING CHORUS: Native's Song. *[Enter SOOTHSAYER] Soothsayer's Song.*  
Prayer to Buddha. *[Enter RAJAH and bandits. Exit others.]*  
Rajah's Song.

*[After their song the bandits and the RAJAH do a team dance. They see MARK and THEO coming off stage and exit left at the end of the dance. Enter MARK and THEO.]*

MARK: Ah don' care! Ah don' care! Fo' hundred 'n' eighty-six wives!  
Ah knows better, that's all.

THEO: You may know better, but it's true. The old bandit chief has  
four hundred and eighty-six wives.

MARK: Well, it ain't right, that's all.

THEO: Yes, I know. Never mind the philosophy.

MARK: Say, Marse Theo, speakin' of philosophy, does the words "twen'y  
dollarhs" mean anything to you?

THEO: I promised you the twenty dollars, and you'll get twenty dollars.  
I don't happen to have them just — *[The RAJAH and the bandits  
walk across a corner of the stage pensively sharpening their knives on  
sawthe stones. In unison each plucks a hair out of the head of the man  
in front of him and tries his knife on it. Exit. MARK has had  
his back to them.]* Mark — I'm going back — to get you the  
twenty dollars. *[Grasps his hand with feeling.]* Good luck to you.  
Here's a package of cigarettes until I come back. *[Gives him a  
package.]*

*[Enter BILL sans wig, carrying the pink parasol.]*

And as for you — oh, I know I won't show you up to Bab for what  
you are, because —

BILL: Because I'd show you up for what you are. The only difference  
between me and you is that I went to jail for something I didn't  
do, and you didn't go to jail for something you did do.

THEO: Well, you keep away from my girl, that's all.

BILL: Your girl!

THEO: *[ready to fight]* Yes, my — *[then thinks of bandits].* See you later.  
*[Exit.]*



MARK: You mean to tell me that you ain't a little girl?

BILL: Yes — and I'll tell you some more. I'm twenty-eight years old and male. I skipped a ten year sentence at Atlanta for robbing a post-office that I never heard of till they slipped it to me in a third degree. I'm hot and disgusted; an' I'm still seasick; and I love Barbara Dubb; and I'm going to marry her if it takes a murder to do it; and I don't care who knows it. [*He is shouting.*]

MARK: There, Marse Phoebe, quiet down.

BILL: Not Phoebe! Bill! Look at those shoes. Do you want to know what purgatory is? Well, put your foot inside of those for two godless weeks. Did you ever have fleas? [*Mark nods.*] Well, you let that wig decompose on your head and see how it compares. And look at this parasol Mrs. Dubb gave me.—At least that's one thing I can lose. [*Starts to break it.*]

MARK: Heah, heah, Marse Bill. Yo' all needs somethin' fo' yo' nerves. Have a cigarette.

BILL: Oh, lead me to it [*is about to light it. Stops.*] No, I'm going to stick it out one more day — and then let that cigarette-selling piker look out. [*Puts on his wig.*]

MARK: Yo' all better go back with the rest of the ladies. [*BILL glares*] — That is, back with the ladies.

BILL: Just one day! [*Exit.*]

MARK: [*reading*] "The World's Only Intoxicating Cigarette." Intoxicatin' — Ah doubts it. [*Lights cigarette.*] — Of all the heathen localities on this yeah terrestrial universe, Ah never expects to discover an environment mo' aggravatin' to mah sense of the ridiculous. [*The cigarette begins to operate. He talks to an imaginary someone at his side.*] — Yes; all other things bein' equal, this has been a delightful day. The sky is simply heavenly with the flowers and the fishes. An' the sun an' the moon there together — [*He shades his eyes with his hand.*] The sun an' the moon — yes, there's the sun an' the moon an' [*puzzled*] — that other one now might be — [*As if answering the person with him.*] That's so. That's what it is. But don't it seem to you it has a few too many corners on it for that.—Foggy, no, no! It may look foggy to you, but I see roses — roses an' butterflies. [*The cigarette has control. He shivers, falls into a loose-jointed dance and exits.*]

[*Enter RAJAH and bandits. They go right, following MARK with their eyes. Then return center stage.*]

RAJAH: That coon was with the gang that landed on the island today.

1ST BANDIT: The bunch with the four women?

2ND BANDIT: That's the one.

[Enter THEO right. He jumps at an imaginary sound at his left. His eyes light on the bandits.]

THEO: [gasping] Oh!

RAJAH: Hey, you! Come here.

THEO: Yes, sir. Here's my watch and my money and my hat and my necktie. I'd like to keep my shirt and these [he indicates his trousers] sir.

RAJAH: Who are you?

THEO: Theobald Dunlap, sir, president and sales manager of the firm of Theobald and Dunlap, Incorporated, manufacturers —

RAJAH: All right. You'll have a chance to speak your piece some time later — either above or below. Weenie, take this out and dispose of it. Then put it in the ash can in front of the town hall. Better carve it small; it's a little can.

3RD BANDIT: [unsheathing his knife]. Yes, sir. [Starts out with THEO.]

RAJAH: Oh, Weenie. Bring it back. [They return. To THEO.] Enjoy life, do you?

THEO: Yes, sir.

RAJAH: I'll give you yours for a little information.

THEO: Anything, sir.

RAJAH: I've ruled this island for fifteen years. The little kid that I exiled back there has grown up. She came back here today, looking for a job as queen of the island. Never refuse a lady: that's my motto. So I'm going to let her be queen,— but I'm going to be king.

THEO: You're going to marry her? [RAJAH nods.]

RAJAH: The young lady is one of the four in your party. I might marry them all, but I've got four hundred and eighty-six already, and the family's getting a bit unwieldy, as you might say. Now, what you're going to tell me is, which of the crew is the princess.

THEO: You're sure you'll marry her, take her off to the mountain?

RAJAH: I'll guarantee it.

THEO: She may be a bit young.

RAJAH: I've got 'em all ages.

THEO: What if she resists?

RAJAH: Huh! [Wipes his knife on his sleeve.]

THEO: All right, then.—She's the one with the pink parasol. But I warn you: treat her rough. She comes from New Haven and she's used to it.

RAJAH: You leave that to me, kid. All right, you're through. Beat it. [THEO starts.] Hey, you won't mention this, [*He drops his knife; it sticks in the floor*] will you?

THEO: N-no, sir. [*Exit.*]

RAJAH: Did you get it men; the pink parasol?

BANDITS: Yes, sir.

RAJAH: Well, we can have the wedding before supper, so we might as well scout up the little lady now. Weenie, you take a look down around the beach. Gumbo, you try around the fire house. Noodles, see what you can find in Central Square. You [*to the fourth*] stick by me. All report here in twenty minutes, and a gallon of hootch to the man with the princess. Beat it!

BANDITS: Yow! [*Exeunt all but RAJAH and his helper.*]

RAJAH: Here comes some of that crew now. Let's you and me sneak, buddie. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter STEVE and BILL right, followed by TAÏ and RUFF, arm in arm.*]

BILL: [*talking over his shoulder to the others*] — and day before yesterday evening when we went through the typhoon — Oh! I fainted right in father's arms.

STEVE: She may not look it, Professor Dubb, but my little Phoebe is a frail child. She isn't strong.

RUFF: Day before yesterday — weren't we on deck that evening?

TAÏ: Oh, yes. We didn't miss a single one. We celebrated then as usual.

STEVE: Celebrated?

RUFF: Well — you see —.

TAÏ: The second night out we threw the bottle of Nuxated Iron overboard and every evening after that —

RUFF: We held a celebration on deck — to pray for its soul.

BILL: But night before last there was a gale. It was raining and the ship was jumping up and down — oh!

RUFF: Come to think of it, it was a little breezy at times. I guess it was raining, too.

TAÏ: But those little things don't matter since we gave the Nuxated Iron to Davy Jones. [*She imitates a gesture of CAPTAIN KIDD.*]

- RUFÉ: No, sir, by — the Great Horn Spoon. [*Same business.*]
- STEVE: I'm afraid Phoebe gets her delicate health from her mother. Poor, poor, poor Helen! She was more a phantom than a real woman.
- [*Enter SADIE, an oriental chorine.*]
- BILL: [*soto voce*] One of the natives.
- RUFÉ: An interesting specimen for study, Professor Drinkwater.
- STEVE: Quite so, Professor Dubb.
- SADIE: Say, are youse guys talkin' about me? Well, I don't blame you. I'm somethin' to talk about. Look me over, kids. Not so bad for a one-cylinder town on a two-by-four island, eh what? Have you got a Lucky Strike? [BILL *produces a package. Questioning glances between TAÏ and RUFÉ.*] Thanks. I guess you don't know who I am. [*Lights the cigarette.*] Well, I'll tell you. I'm Sadie o' Woolworths'. Does that mean anything to you? No, I can see it don't. Well, I'll tell you. I'm president of the Tambellan local of the Flapper's Union.
- RUFÉ: Oh, quite a large union.
- SADIE: Well, not very big. Just now there's only eight of us. You see, the Rajah — you know about the Rajah, don't you? Well, I'll tell you. He married all but just the eight of us. We ain't very good-lookin' — but we got lo-ots o' pep.
- RUFÉ: You mean, he married —
- SADIE: Yup, — but that ain't goin' to last long. You see, the Princess —. You know about the Princess, don't you? Well, I'll tell you. The Rajah sort o' removed her from the island about fifteen years ago, when he killed the old king. And she's coming back today.
- TAÏ: Who told you that?
- SADIE: The old Soothsayer. He saved the throne from the palace when the Rajah burnt it down, and he's going to have it put up here to receive the Princess tonight. [*She talks to TAÏ and BILL.*]
- RUFÉ: From her conversation I should think she would be an interesting subject for investigation, Professor.
- STEVE: Quite so, Professor.
- RUFÉ: Particularly her ancestry.
- STEVE: Oh, yes, Professor.
- RUFÉ: I beg your pardon, madame, but are your parents alive?
- SADIE: Well, yes and no. Mother's all right except for a touch of lumbago

now and then, but poor father — the year after the big wind poor father got drowned in a tank in the brewery.

RUFÉ: Do you suppose I could interview your mother?

SADIE: Say, guy, I know your game. You want to ask my mother if you can marry me. Well, I want to tell you that it's little Sadie herself who picks the additions to the family, and I have taken a liking to your friend with the mustache. [*To STEVE*] I just adore a man with a mustache.

STEVE: In that case, Professor, I might question the girl further while you interview her mother. [*To SADIE*] I assure you he will not speak of marriage.

SADIE: Say, that would be a good idea, wouldn't it? You and me might go for a walk, eh what?

RUFÉ: [*to TAÏ*] Will you excuse us, possibly until this evening?

TAÏ: Certainly.

BILL: Hurry back, father, I shall miss you.

SADIE: [*to RUFÉ*] You don't know about my house, do you? Well, I'll tell you. It's the house with the hydrant in front of it on the third street after the gas house right around the corner from the car barns. Bein' intellectual, you'll be able to scout it up without me, eh what?

RUFÉ: [*noting it on a scrap of paper*] Thank you. [*To TAÏ*] Until this evening. [*Exit.*]

SADIE: Say, brother, I don't like your friend. There's too much of him.— There's some of the loveliest places to walk here. I remember when I was a little girl I — [*Exit with STEVE.*]

TAÏ: Well, what do you think of Tambelo, Phoebe?

BILL: [*listlessly*] It's all right.

TAÏ: I just revel in it. I can imagine nothing better than staying here the rest of my life. Can you?

BILL: [*flatly*] Yes.

TAÏ: Why, what's the matter, dear? You haven't been your old jolly self these last few days.

BILL: I haven't been myself for longer than that.

TAÏ: Something must be troubling you. Why, our Phoebe isn't in love, is she?

BILL: The watch is yours. [*TAÏ looks puzzled.*] I mean, yes, she is.

TAÏ: [*suppressing a smile*] You poor dear, doesn't he love you?

BILL: He?

TAĪ: Yes, the boy. It's a boy, isn't it?

BILL: Oh — oh, yes. I want to ask you a question.

TAĪ: Yes?

BILL: Supposing I loved a girl, and —

TAĪ: You love a girl?

BILL: No, of course not. I mean supposing a man really loved a girl, and the girl found out later that he had deceived her about something — something he couldn't help —, do you think she could forgive him?

TAĪ: That depends on the girl.

BILL: Well, say, for instance, a girl like Bab.

TAĪ: I should think so.

BILL: Put it there, sister! [*Handclasp.*]

TAĪ: You know, sometimes you act just like a man. A girl doesn't shake another girl's hand like that, she kisses her.

BILL: I kiss you?

TAĪ: Of course.

BILL: Well — all right. [*Gingerly he kisses her cheek.*] But if the girl was to forgive him, this man would have to hand her a pretty heavy li — that is, he would have to say some pretty nice things, wouldn't he?

TAĪ: Yes, I suppose he would.

BILL: What do you think he should say?

TAĪ: You needn't worry about that.

BILL: I know. But I'd like to know — so it wouldn't be such a shock if someone said it to me.

TAĪ: Well, it can't be done everywhere, you know. You have to set the stage for a thing of that kind. First, it has to be evening, balmy and beautiful, [*The lights are dimmed until the stage is in semi-darkness*] with a host of little stars twinkling in the sky, [*Stars appear on the backdrop*] while a big, full, yellow, moon [*It appears*] smiles down and lays a moonbeam on her hair like a halo. [*A baby spot focuses delicately on TAI LO.*] Then with music softly floating through the air [*The orchestra plays the prelude to the "Love Waltz," pianissimo*] he kneels at her side, [BILL kneels] takes her hand in his, and the little god of love tells him what to say.

SONG: "The Love Waltz." [*Exit TAI. As BILL is about to exit, enter THEO, detaining him.*]



THEO: [*between gasps for breath*] The parasol — the pink parasol — you haven't got it. What did you do with it?

BILL: [*falsetto*] You don't think a gentleman would let a lady be without protection from the sun, do you?

THEO: You gave it to —?

BILL: The watch is yours, dearest Theobald: I gave it to Miss Barbara. Are you jealous?

THEO: You did! You knew what that parasol meant! You knew it. You're a murderer. That's what you are, just to save yourself.

BILL: Aw, you're cock-eyed.

THEO: Who's cock-eyed?

BILL: You're cock-eyed!

THEO: Well, we'll see. [*Rushes at BILL, and throws his arms around his waist. BILL grabs his throat. Enter BAB carrying the parasol, followed by MRS. DUBB and PROF. The fight ends in what looks like an attempted embrace by THEO and resistance by BILL.*]

BAB: [*gasping*] Oh!

MRS.: [*roaring*] Theobald!

[THEO releases BILL who sobs on BAB's shoulder.]

PROF.: Theobald, explain yourself —

THEO: I — er, why he — that is — she —

MRS.: [*To BILL, gently*] Try to collect yourself, dear, and tell us all about it.

BILL: Well [*sob*] he — he tried to embrace me [*sob*] and I — like the good girl I've been these twenty-eight — er, these sixteen years — I defended myself [*sob*]. That's all.

MRS.: You poor dear! And you, [*to THEO*] you have the audacity to make love to my daughter. Never speak to her again. [*A bandit appears over a bush, and spots BAB as the owner of the parasol. THEO sees him. He disappears.*]

THEO: Good Lord! Bab, as my last request to you, please give that parasol to that — to Phoebe. Do it, I say, or you'll regret it.

BAB: Yes, it's Phoebe now, isn't it? My little girl friend. I might have known when you promised your philandering was over that I was just doing what a dozen had done before me and a score would do after. It's *her* complexion you're thinking of now, isn't it! I can get all the freckles I want — no matter. [*Sob, then determined*] No, I won't give it to her!

THEO: But Bab, you've got to.

BAB: Why have I got to?

THEO: [*frantic*] You have, that's all. Oh Lord, I'll tell you all about it. I —

[*A bandit with a trench knife in his mouth and two horse pistols in his hands appears round a bush.*]

THEO: Well, I can't tell you out loud. Come here and I'll whisper it to you. It's a secret. I —

[*A knife falls from a tree above, and sticks in the ground.*]

BAB: [*gasping*] Oh!

THEO: Bab, please give the parasol to Phoebe.

BAB: [*resigned*] All right, I'll give it to her. [*She does.*] But I'll warn her about you!

THEO: [*the bandit has disappeared*] Too late! [*The RAJAH and his helper appear.*] No, by George! [*He sneaks out of the group and gives the high sign to the RAJAH*] Oh, BOY! Phoebe, will you shake my hand? I want to bid you good-bye.

MRS.: So you're going, are you?

THEO: Well, *I may* be going, *but* Phoebe — [*shakes BILL's hand*]. May God be with you!

MRS.: You may rest assured of that, while there are depraved scoundrels like you in the world.

PROF.: My dear, considering the trouble the pink parasol has caused, don't you think we might omit it hereafter, and take the small trunk?

MRS.: Arthur, your satire has the acuteness and delicacy of a brick-layer's apprentice. The parasol is one of my most treasured possessions. Give it to me, my dear. [*Takes it from BILL. A third bandit spots her.*]

THEO: Bab, will you ever forgive me?

BAB: [*broken-hearted, not angry*] Don't speak to me, Theo. Don't speak to me.

[*Enter TAÏ LO.*]

THEO: Why — we thought we'd lost you.

TAÏ: I was just wandering around, seeing what I could of the island.

THEO: Are you thinking of buying it?

TAÏ: No, I won't *buy* it.

MRS.: My dear, there has been a little trouble about my parasol. As a neutral party, will you take it?



TAÏ: Why, certainly. [*She takes it. Fourth bandit spots her.*]

PROF.: Theobald, I have more confidence in you. There must be some mistake.

MRS.: Arthur, there is no mistake.

PROF.: [*meekly*] There is no mistake.

MRS.: Theobald is obviously an abandoned character, and Phoebe is a nice little girl. [*THEO and TAÏ stroll off after TAÏ has returned the parasol to BILL.*]

SONG: "A Nice Little Girl." [*Verses 1 and 2, BILL with PROFESSOR DUBB, MRS. DUBB, and BAB in the dance. All exeunt after Chorus 2. As an encore BILL returns, followed only by the RAJAH and his bandit carrying a coil of rope. BILL sings Verse 3. After Chorus 3, exit BILL followed by the bandits. A crash off stage. Scuffling.*]

BILL: [*off stage*] Hey! [*Crash. The bandit is thrown backward onto the stage as if from a catapult. He dives back into the fight. Enter BILL, his neck in a rope between the RAJAH and the bandit. The RAJAH has a black eye. BILL's wig is askew and his dress soiled, but he grins as he wipes his nose with the back of his hand. The bandit is exhausted.*]

RAJAH: [*feeling his eye*] The island isn't worth it.

BILL: You get pretty physical in your affectionate advances around here, don't you?

RAJAH: Silence!

BILL: Go on; I'll hang a shanty over your other eye.

RAJAH: There's one advantage in having a wife like you. I can get a divorce whenever I want one.

BILL: A wife? You mean you're going to marry me!

RAJAH: I am.

BILL: Why, my poor man, you don't realize what I am. I'm a —

RAJAH: Don't you worry. I know what you are, and that's just why I am going to marry you.

BILL: [*a deep breath*] Have you got an engagement ring?

RAJAH: A priceless stone. [*Produces a large solitaire.*]

BILL: [*Examines it; falls on RAJAH's neck*] My love, my darling.

RAJAH: My betrothed. [*Embrace.*] May I slip it on your dimpled finger?

BILL: You're darned tootin' right. [*He does.*] And have you a wedding ring?

RAJAH: [*Producing one*] Of purest African gold. [*BILL steps on it. Then bites it.*]

BILL: My honey bunch.

RAJAH: My dicky bird.

[Enter a bandit running, dragging BAB by the wrist.]

1ST BANDIT: The princess!

BILL: Bab! [They tighten the rope around his neck.]

[Enter another with TAÏ.]

2ND BANDIT: The princess!

[A third with MRS. DUBB.]

3RD BANDIT: The princess!

RAJAH: The princess?

BANDITS: Yes.

RAJAH: Which one of them had the pink parasol?

BANDITS: [Each pointing to his capture] She is.

RAJAH: Then who's the princess?

BANDITS: [same business] She is.

RAJAH: [to BILL] Are you the princess?

BILL: [taking off his wig] Do I look it? [MRS. shrieks. BAB gasps and starts to ery.]

RAJAH: Give me back those rings.

BILL: Look out for your other eye.

RAJAH: [to BAB] Are you the Princess?

BAB: [trembling, in tears] No, sir. I'm just Barbara, and that's my mother.

RAJAH: [looking at TAÏ] And that's your servant, that's one thing I know. Well, boys, let's take 'em all away to the mountain, what do you say?

BANDITS: Yow! [Dance.]

CURTAIN

## SCENE 2

[Evening in the meeting place. Picturesque lighting effects with lanterns. A throne center stage back, raised on several steps.]

SONG: "The Princess" [SOOTHSAYER and chorus of natives. RUFÉ, PROFESSOR DUBB, and THEO are watching. After Song enter BILL, breathless, his clothes torn, his wig lost.]

PROF.: My God, Phoebe!

BILL: Not Phoebe! Bill — Boozer Bill Buxton, that's me. Now listen. You know the bandits, the Rajah and his gang. They swooped down on the town from the mountain two hours ago and kidnapped me — and Mrs. Dubb —

PROF.: My Gwendolyn.

BILL: — and Barbara —

THEO: Well, if she will throw a good man down.

BILL: — and Tai Lo, and he's going to marry them all.

RUFÉ and SOOTHSAYER: Tai Lo!!

RUFÉ: Yes, Tai Lo, the daughter of Captain Kidd — the Princess of Tambelo.

NATIVES: [*ercseendo*] Kidnapped by the Rajah! The bandits! The Princess gone! We must save her. For Tambelo. To the rescue. [*Amid cries of anger*] Save her. To the mountain. Get the Rajah. Down with him. Give us a leader, a leader, and arms, weapons. A leader. To the mountain. [*Cheer.*]

SOOTHSAYER: My children, this is a moment for action, but we must have arms. The bandits are strong. There are pikes and spears in the cellar of the old mill. Get them. [*Exeunt natives.*] My friends, without a leader we are lost. The bandits' cave is in the depths of the mountain and they are strong. My children trust me, but I am too old —

PROF.: And I am not only old, but I would be helpless. Mountains always make me dizzy. One of you boys must lead.

THEO: Well, I saved your daughter from a runaway horse, and I might get her out of this scrape, too, but she doesn't seem to have much use for me. I don't guess little Theo is going to work up blisters for another man's wife.

BILL: You saved her from a runaway horse, did you? Well. Your little game's up now, Mr. Theobald. [*In disgust*] Oh, I won't tell on you. You're not worth the breath. [*To PROF.*] But I'll make my confession. First, I went to Yale. Second, that night I came into your house I had escaped from the Atlanta federal jail. These are Bab's clothes — bless her. I'll admit my life was a bit shady in the old days, but I never committed the robbery I was sent up for, and since I've known Bab — and loved her! — it's been the straightest and narrowest path for me, and it will be from now on. [*Gives him jewels*]. There's the stuff I snagged from you that first

night before I really knew Bab, and there, [*gives roll of bills*] is the price of my ocean voyage. I copped it from the Rajah, while he was making love to Mrs. Dubb. Your wife and ward are in danger. You can't help them. I can. If I can save Bab from the bandits, if I save her —?

PROF.: If you can save her, she's yours.

[*The natives return with arms.*]

BILL: Then she's mine this minute. [*To RUFÉ*] Well, brother, this job is between you and me. You don't look it, but as sure as I'm not a woman, you're the best man in this crowd. What do you say, do you lead or do I?

RUFÉ: [*he has taken the vial from his pocket*] I never led anything in my life. Nobody ever thought I could except one, and that one was Tai Lo. I'm either going to save her or never see her again. Do you see this flask? There is every chance that that is deadly poison to me, but there is one possibility that it will make me able to save her. [*He drinks it, and staggers a moment.*]

THEO: Better stick to Nuxated Iron, Rufe, old boy. [*The stuff begins to take effect. With a whoop RUFÉ recovers. He throws off the horn glasses; back goes the hair, up the shoulders, and out the chest.*]

RUFÉ: Wow! — [*to THEO*] Say that again!

BILL: He'll never get a chance. [*BILL lunges for THEO, who turns to run. RUFÉ stops BILL.*]

RUFÉ: Hold up, Jack. There's bigger game than that waiting for us. [*Grabs a pike*] Let's go!

SOOTHSAYER: My children, [*pointing to RUFÉ*] your captain.

BILL: [*holding a half pint bottle of white liquid*] Do you see this flask? There is every chance that that is wood alcohol, but there is just one possibility that it's GIN! [*He drinks.*] Wow! [*Same business as RUFÉ.*]

[*Natives cheer. Orchestra plays the "Pirate Song."*]

RUFÉ: Fall in! [*The natives obey.*] Company attention. Count off! [*To BILL, who is not in line*] Sergeant take your post. [*BILL is right guide*] Squads right — hoy! [*RUFÉ, using his pike as a drum major's baton, parades the company around the stage. Exeunt toward the mountain.*]

CURTAIN

### SCENE 3

[*Battle music. A confused murmur of voices and noises behind the curtain grows in volume with the crescendo of the music. As the music changes from fortissimo to the "Victory Song," mezzo forte, the*

#### CURTAIN RISES

[STEVE and SADIE are discovered playing "Peas Porridge Hot" on the steps of the throne. Enter two dancing girls, strewing flowers in the path of the procession. Crescendo of the music. Enter the procession singing. First TAÏ LO led by the SOOTHSAYER. Then RUFÉ, his clothes in shreds, riding on the back of the RAJAH, leading one bandit by the scruff of the neck and the other three by BILL'S rope. Then follow BILL and BAB, PROF. and MRS. DUBB [with smelling salts], and the natives. Parade around stage while TAÏ is placed on the throne.]

SOOTHSAYER: My children, your queen. [*All natives kneel except RAJAH.*]

RUFÉ: Kneel! You! [*The RAJAH kneels.*] Beg forgiveness for your sins.  
[*The RAJAH assumes an attitude of prayer.*]

TAÏ: You are forgiven.

BAB: [*to BILL*] So are you.

RUFÉ: [*kneeling on steps of throne*] And I too will kneel before my queen.

SOOTHSAYER: Not before her, at her side.

TAÏ: Yes, at my side. Like my heart, my throne is big enough for two.

FINALE: "Big Enough For Two." [*Then embrace by all hands followed by:*]  
"Bad Boy." [MARK walks across the stage wiping perspiration off his brow and counting twenty dollars in bills. His sleeves are ominously rolled up. Then:] "Pirate Song."

#### CURTAIN







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